JUNE, 1914 Vol. 5 - No. 10

OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY MONTHLY

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Ohio State University Monthly

OFFICIAL ORGAN of the OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY ASSOCIATION

Published at Columbus in October, November, December, January, February, March, April, May, June and July

H. F. HARRINGTON, '05, Editor

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Auf Wiedersehn

TERMS: $1.00 Per Year in Advance - - - Single Copies, 15 Cents

Membership Dues $2.00, including subscription to Monthly, and Who's Who in Ohio State University Association
Discontinuances or Changes in Address should be reported to the Secretary's Office, Ohio Union, Columbus, Ohio, at once.
Advertising Rates furnished on application to the Business Manager.

Entered as second-class matter June 28, 1912, at the postoffice at Columbus, O., under the Act of March 3, 1879

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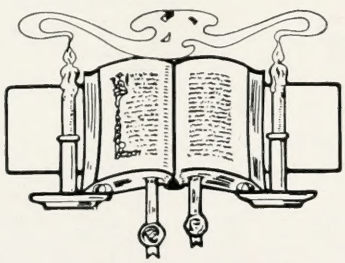
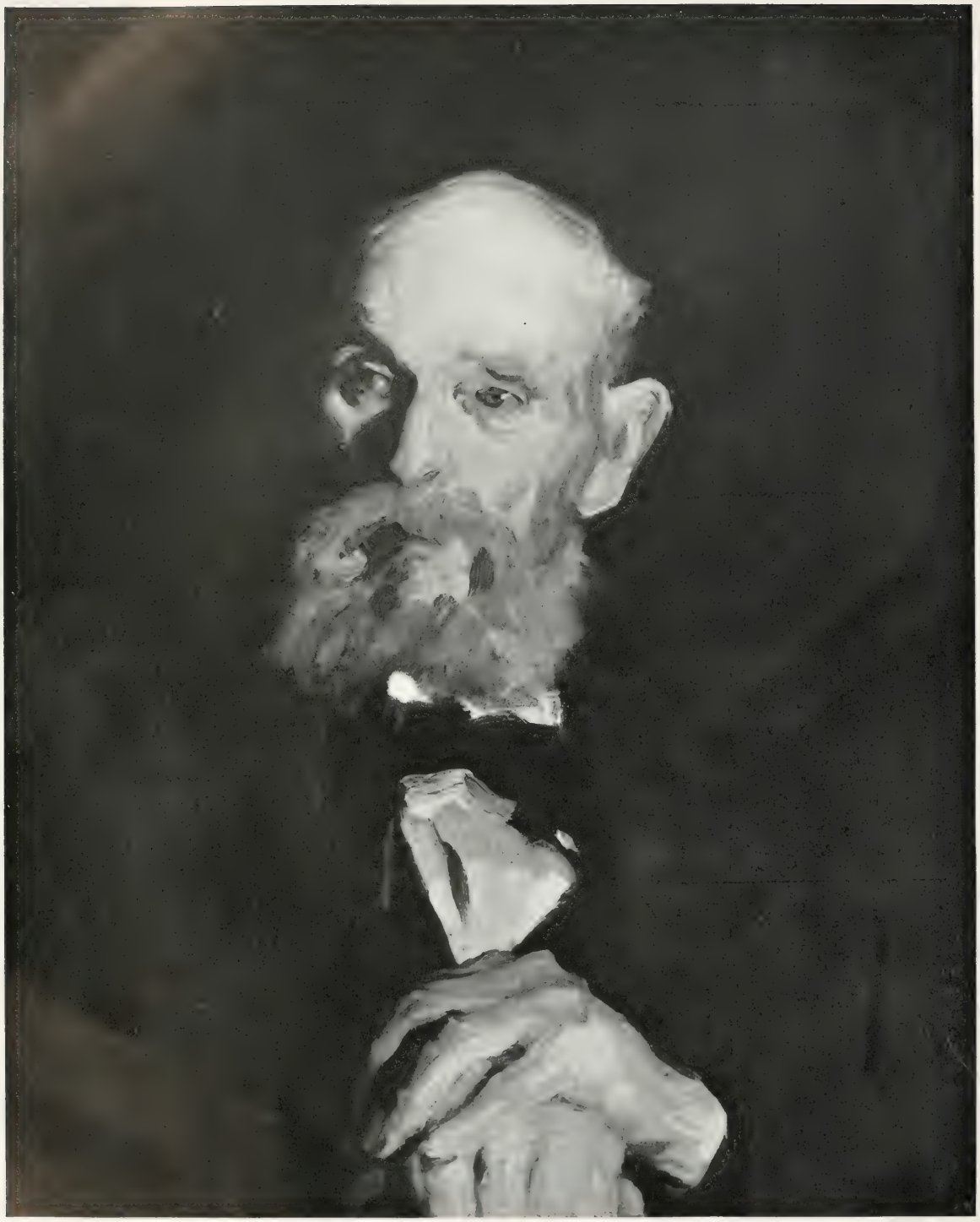




Courtesy, Harper's Weekly

PORTRAIT TO HIS FATHER

By GEORGE BELLOWS, N. A.

(See article on page 19)

Ohio State University Monthly

Volume V June, 1914 Number 10

Alumni Day

Tuesday, June 16

OHIO STATE graduates and former students will return in large numbers to renew their allegiance to their alma mater, to meet their old classmates and to testify to their love for the University. To them there is no more important day in commencement week. All who have tasted of the joys of University life, as well as those who have shared in its privileges and responsibilities will take this opportunity to get in touch with the campus activities, to store up enthusiasm for another year, and to gain that intimate acquaintance with the University so essential for the best interests of the school and the individual.

But this is neither a sermon, nor an exhortation, for every graduate and former student knows as well as I do the truth of the foregoing, and all will be present if circumstances permit.

A program of exceptional interest has been prepared as a reading of the following will prove:

ALUMNI DAY PROGRAM

Tuesday, June 16, 1914

9:00 A. M.—
Annual Business meeting of the Association in the Chapel.
President Storer presiding.

12:00 M.—
Dedication of the Weber Memorial Tablet—Townshend Hall.

12:30 P. M. —
Alumni Luncheon (for men and women), Ohio Union.
Presentation of the Pomerene Loving Cup to the class having the largest proportion of membership in attendance during the week.

3:30 P. M.—
President Thompson's Reception — The Library.

6:00 P. M.—
Patriarchs' Reunion and Supper—Ohio Union.

6:00 P. M.—
Other Reunions and suppers as arranged by classes and organizations.

8:00 P. M.—
Alumni Concert (complimentary), "King Arthur"—The Armory.
The Ohio State University Choral Union.

9:00 P. M.—
Alumni Open House, for graduates, ex-students, trustees and faculty—Ohio Union.

First in importance comes the business meeting of the Association when annual reports will be presented and plans laid for another year's work. In the last four years the Association has taken its place as a foremost factor in the advancement of the University, not only promoting enthusiasm and good fellowship among those who have left its halls, but actually planning and doing things for the substantial unbuilding of Ohio State. Several important projects are under way and these will be discussed at the coming meeting. The result of the election will of course be announced.

At noon in Townshend Hall the memorial to Prof. Henry A. Weber will be unveiled with appropriate ceremonies.

Then comes the great alumni luncheon, and those of you who have attended this function in the past have an idea of what this will be. Not all the wit and brilliancy of the alumni will be brought into action, for some must be reserved for next year, but there will be enough and to spare to make this affair the happiest of happy events. Speeches, songs and stunts will be the order of the hour, with a surprise every minute. If you have not received notice to send in your reservation for a seat, take this as the notice. You must not be left out.

At the luncheon the Pomerene cup will be presented, concerning which you will find an extended notice elsewhere in this issue.

President Thompson and Mrs. Thompson will receive everybody in the Library at 3:30 P. M. This fixed number on the commencement week program is most enjoyable, partaking, as it does, of the character of a social rallying of old students and faculty.

The Patriarchs' supper! Come, ye old grads; do I need to say more? This affair will vie with the luncheon for prandial honors, toasts and roasts. Every alumnus and former student of the University up to and including the class of '94 will be welcome if he has the price and has made his reservation. Don't forget these stipulations.

At the same hour, 6 o'clock, will be numerous class reunions. A special effort has been made to have quinquennial gatherings and suppers, which means in 1914 the classes of '79, '84, '89, '94, '99, '04, and '09. This feature of commencement cannot be overemphasized. The 25th of '89 is naturally the big noise, and if it can outdo '87 and '88, our hats are off to '89.

And now in order come the two new and distinctive features of alumni day of 1914. In the Armory at 8 o'clock will be given the alumni concert, "King Arthur," by the Ohio State University Choral Union, about 200 voices. The concert is free but by ticket, which may be secured at the secretary's office.

When the concert is over will begin the crowning event of the day, "Alumni Open House" in Ohio Union. The whole building will be thrown open for an old-fashioned sociable for graduates, former students, trustees, faculty and all friends. The evening's entertainment will comprise dancing, singing, informal reunion, in short, a glorious good time. It's your chance to be a good fellow, and if you don't know everybody before you get through something is wrong somewhere.

Now doesn't this sound good to you? Surely you are not going to miss it. We are going to do everything except transport and feed you. If you don't believe that, put us to the test.

Your presence will do the University a lot of good, but better than that you will do yourself good by coming here to get the thrill of contact, that shoulder-to-shoulder thrill that comes of united effort for the alma mater. Do you know anything better than the handclasp of college hands with all the memories thus evoked? But it's not all bubble and froth and effervescence. With it all is the knowledge of support extended to the University and the resolve to do each his part in giving Ohio one of the greatest institutions of learning in the country. Your participation in the program of the week will strengthen the trustees, the faculty and President Thompson.

Let us all prove for ourselves the assertion that a University is what alumni will it to be.

OHIO STATE NEEDS YOU.

J. S. MYERS, '87,
Secretary

BY PRESIDENT N. W. STORER

Ohio State University Association

I like the program for Alumni Day. It looks better than any I have ever seen. That affair in the evening will give people a better chance to get acquainted than they ever had before.

Who Will Get the Cup This Year?

Last year the class of '78 carried off this trophy by mustering a full quota of its members. Don't let the Patriarchs carry off honors again. Muster your full membership, all of you, and let's make the competition for an honored place on the cup spirited and close

J. S. M.

Professor of Journalism

THE APPOINTMENT of Joseph S. Myers, '87, to be head of the department of journalism at Ohio State, in addition to his duties as alumni secretary, has brought many words of hearty approval from men who knew him in his student days and throughout his newspaper career. The general consensus is that he has received a thorough training in every branch of journalistic endeavor and comes with a rich equipment to take up this important educational work. At present his plans are but half shaped; but he will spend the summer months analyzing the situation and getting courses of study well outlined. He will continue the courses started by Mr. Harrington, his predecessor, who goes to Western Reserve University to head the new School of Journalism there.

The following reminiscences, written by Scott Webb, '88, an old acquaintance of Mr. Myers, will be found interesting reading:

It is a pleasure, to all students, to learn of the success and prominence attained by their fellow students and classmates. It is certainly gratifying to learn that J. S. Myers of '87, after a successful career in journalism since his graduation, is called back to his Alma Mater at the head of the comparatively new department of journalism. It is a fitting tribute paid to him and he will certainly render a great service to the state.

My early recollection of "Joe," as he was commonly known in college, is a beardless youth, with timid and retiring manners. However, his timidity early disappeared as he immediately, after entering college, began to associate with some of the occupants of the old north dorm. He had a reputation for industry, hard work, good grades, and was an active member of Alcyone Literary Society and was some parliamentarian. He enjoyed a good time and a good joke. The latter quality is illustrated by his prominence in an incident that occurred in the Alcyone Literary Society. The victim of that incident was, the now Professor Eisenlohr, one of the most active and best entertainers in the Society. There was a special entertainment and "Band Eisenlohr," now Professor, was on the program for two declamations, one of a humorous character, the other of a solemn and dignified character. Joe and some other members learned that the humorous declamation would be rendered first; they were at the society hall early, and every member was informed of this fact and instructed not to laugh or make any sign of approval after the first declamation was rendered, but was told that after the second declamation was rendered, that they were at liberty to laugh as loud and as long as they desired. The instructions were carried out to the letter and when the first declamation was finished, the declaimer rightfully expecting much laughter and loud applause, waited a sufficient time for it, but none was forthcoming. He then finished his second declamation and the whole audience broke into long laughter and loud applause. Eishenlohr was so enraged that he resigned from the society and a special committee was appointed to get him to recall his resignation, which he finally did.

Joe might be accused of some other things that happened while he was in college, but it is hardly right to embarrass him.

During his college days athletics were not prominent. Although we had field days, there was no systematic training. There was no football team, but the residents at the dormitories, by choosing up sides used to succeed in laying out a few of the participants and in spoiling a few suits of clothes in an occasional encounter. Joe was, however, a participant in baseball and was reputed to be the best tennis player in college. He was among the first to play tennis on the college grounds and you could often see the two Joes (Taylor and Myers) playing the game at the old court on top of the hill north of the spring.

The first flash of his journalistic ability that I recall was as one of the editors of the Makio.

He represented the Phi Gamma Delta fraternity of which he was a member. He was not wholly responsible for all that appeared in that number. In fact the author of some of that volume, the last I heard, had not been discovered, but it would not be fair to lay it all on Joe. I am not sure about all his journalistic work since he left college but do recall that he did work on Columbus papers, was on the *Cleveland Leader* and finally, for a good many years, was editor of the *Pittsburgh Post*. He was universally successful in all the positions he held.

It was my good fortune to know the father and mother, brothers and sisters of J. S. Myers and to occasionally be at their home. With his native ability, home surroundings and general influence, he was bound to succeed in whatever calling he undertook. The University is to be congratulated in securing the service of one who has the ability, the experience and the initiative to direct the new department of journalism. Those who know Mr. Myers, his work, his character and his unfailing zeal in whatever he undertakes promise the greatest success for this new department.

The Potter Run Maker's Cup

R. L. HARE, '05

THE RUN MAKER'S CUP, or, as baseball fans and players are already calling it, the Potter Trophy, is a large silver cup that has been presented to the Athletic Association, and accepted by it, for the purpose of keeping a record of the member of the Varsity baseball team who, at the end of each season, has proved himself of the greatest value on the offense or the most instrumental in the scoring of runs. The deed of gift outlining the scope and purpose of the cup follows:

The cup is to remain in the possession of the Association and the names of the winners to be annually inscribed thereon.

The award shall be settled by a percentage basis, the winner being the player who has the highest average of points scored figured against the number of times he faced opposing pitchers, and performances are to be valued as follows:

Safe arrivals at first base (by any method), 1 point; sacrifice hits or flies, 1 point; stolen bases, 1 point; runs scored, 2 points; runs batted in, 2 points (whether by safe hit, sacrifice, or by getting a base on balls, thereby forcing in a run).

1. As sacrifices, bases on balls, hit by pitched ball, etc., all count as a safe arrival at first base in this record, competitors shall be charged with the time at bat.

2. No member of the team shall be considered as a competitor who has not participated in part of at least a majority of the games played (against college teams or otherwise).

3. The committee who shall pass on the records and make the award shall consist of the holders of the following offices:

President or Chairman of the Athletic Board;
The Director of Athletics;
Under-Graduate Manager of the baseball team.

Examples.

If a player has faced the pitcher 40 times and reached first base 12 times; made 2 sacrifice hits; stolen 3 bases; scored 5 runs; and batted in 5 runs, he would have scored 27 points, and his average would be .673, as 27 is that per cent of 40.

If a player made a single base hit with a man on third, thereby driving in a run, and being left on base himself, he would score 3 points, one for reaching first and two for batting in a run.

If a player made a home run with a man on base, he would score five points, one for reaching first, two for batting in a run, and two for scoring one himself.

Then there is a smaller cup, a counterpart of the larger, to be presented each year by Mr. Potter to the individual earning the honor of having his name placed on the Association Cup. Each cup stands on a solid ebony base and is beautifully engraved:

The
Run Maker's Cup
presented to the
Ohio State University
by
Frank D. Potter
for the purpose of keeping
a record of the members of the
Baseball Team who have
been of the greatest value
on the offense.

Just a word about the donor: Mr. Potter is a Wall Street banker, a New York clubman, an energetic member of the New York Association and the autocrat of the Down Town Lunch Club. Although a member of the Stock Exchange, that depraved bunch of high-brows has no attractions for Potter when Wednesday noon rolls around. He hears the call of the Ohio State and forthwith hies himself to the Lunch Club to swap yarns of the good old days on the campus. Potter, in his college days, was a football, not a baseball, star and he is frank to say, that were it possible to rate individual excellence in football the cup would have gone to the gridiron warriors. Be that as it may, the gift is no less whole-hearted and, under the circumstances, only emphasizes Potter's broad-minded interest in Ohio State athletic activities. Thus a new tradition has been born and a new impetus has been given to ambitious stickers to "make good." It is generally conceded that, although Potter has failed, in this instance, to score a "touchdown," he has at least batted out a "home run" and now heads the Boosters' League with a batting average of 1,000.

Queen of the May

Dances galore, a blue sky, a typical Roman wedding procession, reproductions of Roman athletic contests and the crowning of the May-Queen were features of "Feriæ Latinæ," the annual May-fete given by the girls of the Ohio State University last Friday afternoon. Fifteen hundred people viewed the exhibition from the bleachers which were built around the hollow on the campus close to the University spring.

The open-air May-fete is one of the most interesting productions given by the Ohio State students each year. Prior to the festival the girls of the University hold an election at which time they choose a girl from their number, who is supposed to be the most beautiful and popular, as May-Queen. Daily rehearsals are then held until the day of the fete when all of the participants are garbed in elaborate costumes and the May-Queen is crowned with impressive ceremonies.

The fete this year was arranged by the University Women's Council under the personal supervision of Dr. Alice Littlejohn Goetz, the instructor of physical education for women. Helen Barnhill, a Columbus girl, was elected May-Queen.

Dr. W. L. Evans of the faculty commencement committee, is arranging the alumni concert Tuesday evening in the Library. It is free to alumni and Dr. Evans declares it will be worth many times the price of admission. Two hundred University voices and distinguished soloists will give "King Arthur."

It's Dean Knight Now!

George Wells Knight, head of the department of American history at Ohio State University, has been chosen dean of the college of education of the University by the board of trustees to succeed Dean W. W. Boyd, who has resigned to become president of Western College for Women, Oxford, Ohio.

After graduating from the University of Michigan in 1878 and teaching in high schools at Lansing and Ann Arbor, Professor Knight came to Ohio State University in 1885. In 1889 he went to Europe to study. He later returned to the University and has held his present position since 1898. He was a member of the 1912 Ohio constitutional convention. He will continue his classes in American history and allied courses.

Monster Blanket Tax Petition

Following a monster mass meeting of the students of Ohio State University, petitions were circulated recently asking that a blanket tax of five dollars be assessed each student beginning with next year to cover expenses of athletics at the University. Twenty-six hundred names were secured on the petitions and they will be presented to the board of trustees of the University at once for its consideration.

If this tax is granted the athletic board promises greatly increased facilities for athletics including new baseball diamonds, forty tennis courts and new bleachers for the athletic grounds. Attracted by these promises, practically every student of the University is boosting for the tax. Only about thirty students were found who were emphatic in their objections to the proposal.

Commencement PROGRAM

Musicians of national fame have been secured to take the leading roles in "King Arthur," the oratorio which will be one of the features of the commencement exercises at the Ohio State University the week beginning June 14. Following is the complete program for commencement week:

Sunday, June 14: Baccalaureate sermon by Dr. William Oxley Thompson, President of the University; Vesper service.

Monday, June 15: Class breakfast; class exercises; parents' luncheon; ball game, Faculty vs. Seniors; senior concert; Browning Society open air play. (The Foresters.)

Tuesday, June 16: Alumni association meeting; dedication of Weber memorial tablet; alumni luncheon; presentation of loving cup to the class having the largest proportion of membership in attendance during the week; baseball game, Alumni vs. Varsity; University reception; patriarchs' reunion and supper; alumni concert; alumni open house at Ohio Union.

Wednesday, June 17: Graduation address by Dr. George H. Vincent, Jr., President of the University of Minnesota, followed by the presentation of diplomas; senior promenade.

After the alumni luncheon a procession will be formed to march to Sun Dial in front of University Hall, where with joined hands all will sing "Carmen Ohio." It is hoped that President Thompson will give a talk.

Changes in University Faculty

Nearly half a hundred promotions have recently been made in Ohio State University faculty, among which is that of Professor H. C. Ramsower, who will have charge of the newly created department of agricultural engineering.

Two resignations of members of the faculty have been handed in to take effect at the end of this school year. Prof. William Hislop has resigned to accept a position as head of the department of animal husbandry of the agricultural college of the state of Washington. Dr. Alice Littlejohn Goetz, head of the women's section of the department of physical education, will leave the University after her work in the 1914 summer school is completed. Dr. Goetz has been a very efficient instructor in the physical training of women during the five years she has been at the University.

Pharmacists Take Trip

To get an idea of how drugs and chemicals are handled in large quantities and to obtain a little insight into the manufacturing side of their profession, forty students of the college of pharmacy at Ohio State University made an inspection trip to Detroit on May 13-16. They visited the laboratories of many large chemical manufacturing plants where the details of the management of the plants were explained to them by the men in charge.

This is one of the regular features of the work of the college of pharmacy. A trip is made on alternate years to firms who manufacture chemicals and pharmaceuticals. The trip this year was in charge of Dr. C. A. Dye.

Let Burkett Do It

A Little Story of a Man Who Knows All About Wheat, Corn and Mother Nature

DOWN in Thornville, Ohio, 41 years ago, a family by the name of Burkett was rejoicing over the birth of a bouncing baby boy. The family was very proud of that boy. It was to be still prouder—much more so, in years to come, but of course, at that time, the members of the family were unaware of the big things that boy was to do. He was named Charles William Burkett.

Some eighteen years later, Charles William came down to Columbus and enrolled for the agricultural college course at Ohio State University. He was a conscientious student and applied himself well while there.

After graduating in 1895, Charles went back home, carrying with him a much-prized sheepskin, duly signed and engrossed by the college officials. But the sheepskin was not the goal of the young agriculturist's dream. He laid away his store clothes for the time being, donned overalls and hied himself to dad's broad acres to put into practice as many of his new-fangled ideas as he could.

How well he applied himself and how well his new-fangled ideas succeeded, in spite of the skepticism of dad and the neighbor folks, is evidenced by the fact that dad forgot his skepticism after Charlie had gotten so he was producing two crops where one had formerly appeared, double and treble yields to the crop at that. Dad was so worked up by the amazing fact that he insisted that the University professors come down to the old farm and see what Charlie had done.

They came—they saw—they realized—not the truth of Charlie's results, for they knew what could be done with the old farm, any old farm, if the right thing was done at the right time, but they realized this: When they handed Charlie his sheepskin and told him to go home to dad, they had left slip through their hands a valuable product. So, the next thing to do was to catch him again and take him back to the old stamping grounds. And that's what they did. Charles William left the old farm place and returned to Ohio State University, clothed in the dignity of an assistant instructor in agriculture.

In 1898 he earned the degree of master of science in agriculture.

About that time, New Hampshire decided the Granite State needed a reputation for something other than granite. Indeed there was so much granite and other rocks that the farmers were just about at the end of the string. What farms there were were about petered out and something had to be done.

After casting about for some time they learned about young Burkett—the same Charles William that knew how to and did double pa's crops. New Hampshire's grappling hooks got into Charlie and as a result the Granite State began to bloom and bud. Burkett built an agricultural college and an experiment station up there among the rocks—the first worth the name in New England—got down in his working clothes and really worked, which shows what kind of stuff Ohio can and does produce.

Then North Carolina woke up. Her governor saw how the farmers of his state were deriving barely enough sustenance from their farms to keep going. He discovered that the agricultural college of North Carolina was mostly in name—there were at the time a half dozen students and an instructor who made a show of delving into the lore of the agricola, much after the same style as it was practiced by old Cincinnatus, and he made up his mind to have a regular college of agriculture and an experiment station. North Carolina farmers must learn how to grow crops, decent crops, or quit the business. There was practically no alternative, for the ground on the farms of the state was about played out.

So Burkett was waited on by a committee of North Carolinians and he agreed to put on his overalls again and start another plant down South.

In four years' time he had the experiment station farm producing 100-plus bushels of corn to the acre where 17 grew before. After tireless and painstaking experimentation he had six ears of corn growing on one stalk, where one grew before. He showed those North Carolinians that those farms that they thought were played out could be given a new lease of life and with new hope in their breasts they went home and followed his suit.

Soon North Carolina was getting bigger yields of corn than was Kansas and two or three bales of cotton to the acre instead of one.

In 1906 Kansas called him to the prairies of that fruitful state in order to find out how to grow more fruitful. Kansas produces about one-ninth of all the wheat in the United States and she asked Burkett to take hold and increase, not only the quantity but the quality of the wheat crop. So Burkett went to Russia to study the methods and nature of wheat and wheat growing in the czar's dominions and brought back to Kansas samples of wheat that might well gladden the hearts of the sturdy Kansans. He showed them that Kansas could grow that same wheat and they did.

In addition to all his labors, Burkett has written a number of mighty interesting and useful books on improved methods and better crops. He wrote a textbook for use in teaching agriculture in the schools of North Carolina and it has been adopted in many other states. Since 1909 he has been editor of the *American Agriculturalist* and the *Orange Judd Farmer*, and in the columns of these publications as well as his many books on farming, he has tirelessly spread the gospel of new ways and methods in farming.

After all this—why should not—indeed how could Ohio help but be proud of this famous Buckeye son?—*Columbus Evening Dispatch.*

Practical Work in Agriculture

City boys who study agriculture at Ohio State University may have to spend their summer vacations "back on the farm" in order to get a degree from the University. Most of the professors of the College of Agriculture believe that the students should have practical experience in farm work so that they will be better able to understand the theoretical work which they get in their books and laboratories.

In accordance with this belief, Dean H. C. Price, of the College of Agriculture has appointed a committee of the faculty to report upon the advisability of making such a requirement. It is believed that the committee will report favorably as the plan has been adopted in several other large agricultural colleges. It was approved at the last meeting of the Association of American Colleges and Experiment Stations, which is composed mostly of University instructors and investigators.

Immediately upon arrival on the campus every graduate and former student will register at Ohio Union, where he will receive badges and concert tickets. At that time he can secure tickets for the luncheon and supper.

Students Go to Church

Seventy per cent of the students and faculty of Ohio State University attend church. This is the result indicated by a canvass of the student body which was begun last fall by the various churches in the neighborhood of the University. The purpose of the survey which has just been completed, was not to determine the denominational affiliations of the students, but rather to discover the percentage of church attendance of the University students.

Practically every student in the University was interviewed and the results show that nearly 41 per cent attend church regularly; 29 per cent occasionally; while 30 per cent of the faculty and student body do not attend church. "One of the remarkable facts emphasized by the survey is that the University church attendance of 70 per cent, is far greater than that of the professional world," said a member of the committee which directed the survey.

At the luncheon the Pomerene cup will be presented. All sorts of claims are being put forth by the classes. Last year the first class, '78, carried off the honor. Will it do it again?

A Defense of Military Drill

"The Status of the Military Department in Land Grant Colleges" is the subject of a paper read recently by Edward Orton, Jr., dean of the college of engineering, before a joint meeting of the Land Grant College Engineering Organization and the Association of American Agricultural Colleges and Experiment Stations. Here is a striking paragraph:

The old adage that "no one can properly control others who cannot first control himself" is one of these eternal verities which cannot be too often driven into the minds of the young college man. Any young engineer looks forward to controlling others. In a sense every young college man does, whether he is an engineer or not, but in law and medicine and agriculture, the future direct control of a force of men does not loom up on the horizon as it does to one who expects to play a leading part in the railroad, mine, or factory. But how shall we get this power of leadership? How shall we learn to impose our will upon others and still keep their respect and regard? I believe in the laboratory method in most things and I believe in it here. To give a young man power to control others, let him first learn how to obey and to take orders from others. Next, give him a minor responsibility to direct others, and coach him on his faults when he begins. Give him increasing chances to command as fast as he develops ability to use power.

The military organization in a large college offers an ideal method of giving just exactly this opportunity. In a college regiment the size of the companies is usually cut down materially, and the number of officers can be increased considerably over the statutory proportion, without diminishing the prestige of the officers' position to any degree. In this way large numbers of the men get the experience of commanding troops—in fact, every one who develops the least facility or promise in that direction. A young man who cannot develop leadership in a military organization is a young man whose attributes as an engineer need investigation.

Another factor in leadership is the ability to read character. No better place exists in the world to practice this art than in the selection of men for office. Every company captain must study his men, and in making his selections for promotion, under the watchful care of his superior officer, he himself learns a most important lesson.

Another factor in character building is the high standard of personal honor which must go with any effective military control. A soldier is taught a very simple but a very severe code of behavior. He must tell the truth and hate a lie. He must enforce respect for his own rights and must show equal respect for the rights of others. As he wears the uniform of his organization, he must be a gentleman, first, last, and all the time, or he will disgrace his friends as well as himself. He must love his country and serve it with a single mind, even to death. Not a bad platform for a young college man to learn, is it?

Architects Hold Exhibit

Work in pen and ink, charcoal, water color design and pencil sketches were exhibited in May by more than fifty students of the department of architecture of Ohio State University at the annual exhibition of this department held on the campus. Many Columbus architects viewed the work of the students and commented highly upon the quality of the pictures shown.

The Patriarchs' Supper

All graduates and former students who were in the University up to and including 1894 are eligible to attend the Patriarchs' supper in Ohio Union, Tuesday, June 16, at 6 P. M. Please notify the secretary of the Ohio State University Association, Ohio Union, how many plates you desire reserved. The supper is for both women and men.

Bellows
The Master Artist

Born at Columbus, Ohio; Member of the Society of American Painters and Sculptors, and of the National Academy of Design, New York. Honorary Life Member of the National Arts Club, New York. Represented in the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, Philadelphia; Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York; Telfare Academy of Arts and Sciences, Savannah; Toledo Museum of Art; Columbus Art Association; Ohio State University, Columbus; National Arts Club, New York. Awarded Second Hallgarten Prize, National Academy of Design, 1908; Honorable Mention, International Exposition, Buenos Aires, 1910; Jennie Sesnan Gold Medal, 1913; First Hallgarten Prize, National Academy of Design, 1912; Honorable Mention, Carnegie Institute, 1913; Maynard Prize, 1914; Third Carnegie Prize, 1914.

George Bellows

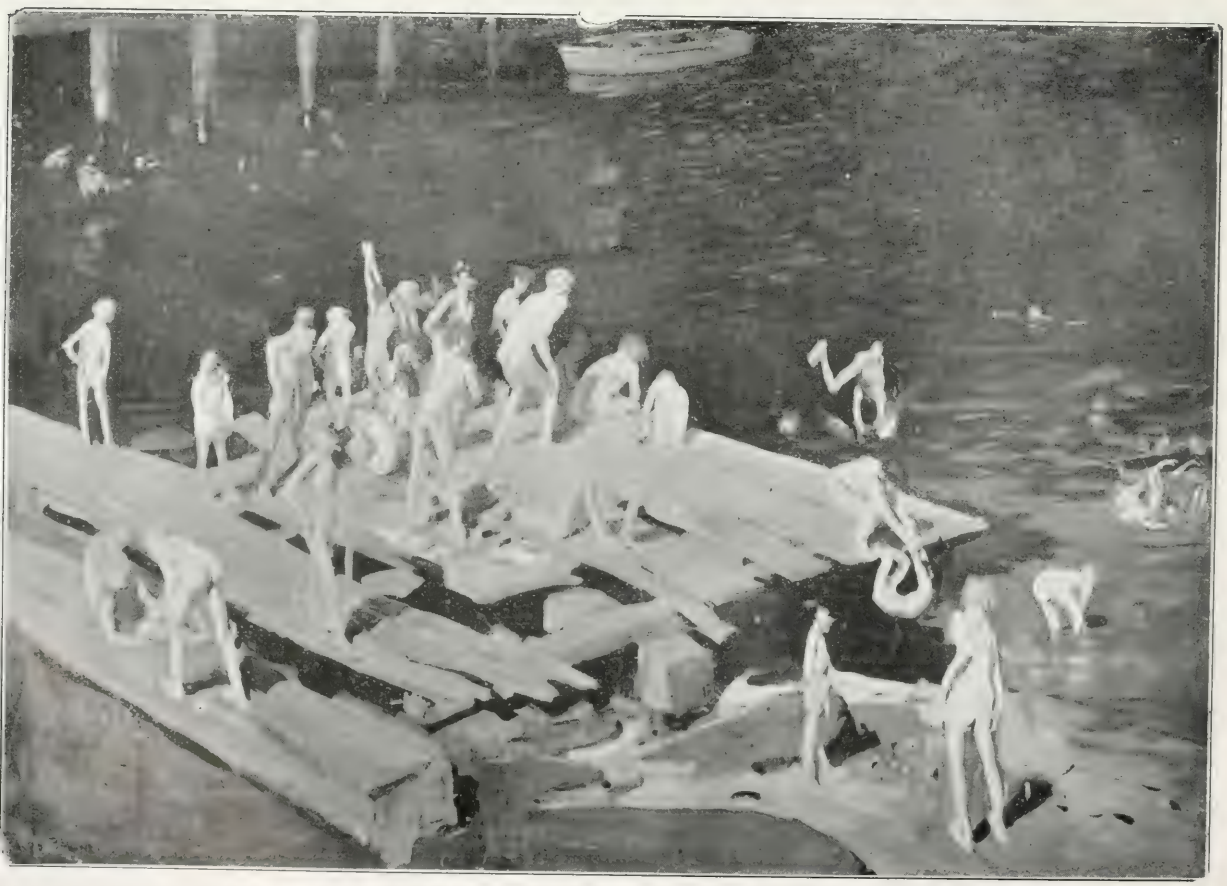
The Thompson Portrait

GEORGE BELLOWS, for all his astounding success in the big world without, will be held dear in the memory and hearts of Ohio State alumni and undergrads as the most wonderful short-stop we have ever had, a star basket ball forward and member of the glee club, and one of the finest all-'round good fellows Ohio ever boasted. Of his glorious artistry we have had dozens of voluble testimonials, but of the man beneath, the soul of the paint and canvas, the press has been strangely mute. And above all the man is the thing; and this is intended, therefore, as a partial appreciation of "Ho" Bellows himself.

To the handling of color and light and shadow, he brings that big-muscled, clear-headed dash which drove him to success in his college days on gridiron and court. His boy's heart makes play of it all, steadied, however, by the grave sympathetic understanding and broad perspective of a comrade of the crowd. Life for him holds the interest it has for the eager adventurous lad, and this, perhaps, is all that saves him from the morbid interpretation generally so inextricably linked with the stuff of life he paints. His subjects, many hold, are often brutal, but somehow in the alchemy of his sympathetic love and understanding, their sorrow takes on an appeal and magical quality of its own. Here is the heart-

"I remember being initiated into the Frat"

Men of the Docks



"Forty-two Kids." Collection of Robert C. Hall, Pittsburg

mind of the man shining through his work, the soul of the best fellow and greatest short-stop State ever had. All else is superficial; a necessary result.

George Bellows' two famous portraits that have attracted attention wherever exhibited are elsewhere reproduced in this issue.

His presentation of Dr. W. O. Thompson is a bold and impressive figure that grows with study and age. It is at once dignified and compelling, and is a portrait of character rather than a physical likeness. Its merit was recognized when it was hung in the spring exhibit of the National Academy of Design in New York this year, and won the $100 Isaac N. Maynard portrait prize. Those who have seen the original say that photographs of it cannot do it justice, because of its dark and rich color.

The other portrait, that of Bellows' father, shows the strength of individualism softened by the peace of advancing years. It was published in *Harper's Weekly* in the issue of December 20, last.

George W. Bellows is too well known as an artist and an illustrious graduate of Ohio State, '05, to need any biographical comment. His pictures and drawings have won prizes in New York and Pittsburgh, and have been reproduced in *Harper's* and the *Century*. He is a recognized leader in a new school of art.

"His style is bold, crude, and smashing," is Prof. Joseph R. Taylor's expression. "He hasn't found himself yet. People may say that it isn't a good likeness, but in ten years they will come to it and say, 'It looks just like the President.' But it's something you can't argue about."

"North River," prize 1908. Hallgarten collection Penn. Academy of Fine Arts

The Land of Kingdom Come

Christopher E. Sherman, '94
Professor of Civil Engineering

DO YOU want to turn the clock back sixty years? Hark back to the good old days, the simple life? To log cabins and puncheon floors? To hand mills for grinding corn, and to corn bread? Then come with me. Journey with us to the site of our surveying camp in 1903. Take the afternoon train at 3 o'clock, and roll around your berth all night up the crooked Chatterawha. Rub your eyes early in the morning—away early in the morning at Bluefield, and change cars there for the land of "Kingdom Come."

Do you know Kentucky? I'll lay a small wager that you don't, and it's right next us too, so close its northern border is clear over on our shore. Gentle reader, to elope, row out from our shore past low water mark, and there you are, safe from Ohio law.

All Kentucky is like all Gaul—divided in three parts. There is the Blue-grass, the Mountains, and the "Pennyrile" district, as different from one another as day is from night. Yet the foam-flecked Kentucky ties them all together, flowing down from Kingdom Come thru the fertile Blue Grass to join the brimming river at the edge of Pennyrile. But still the Blue-grass people know not their western neighbors, and dream only faintly of the life lived in the mountains. No, the Blue-grass is entirely different.

Fertilist of the regions round, long for swiftest steeds renowned—the Blue-grass region. Thou art come in happy time, stranger to this blissful clime, expresses its genial hospitality. It's the limestone plateau, the Trenton limestone plateau, 700 feet thick, a goodly foundation upon which all Ohio strata are set. The Trenton limestone, down a thousand feet, the ne plus ultra of the oil driller in Ohio. But in the Blue-grass country the Trenton is that upon which they live, move and have their being. Underneath this limestone plateau to the southwest is far-famed Mammoth Cave, and in this limestone plateau is cut Kentucky River gorge, where High Bridge leaps the canyon. Swift horses, gallant men, and pretty girls in the Blue-grass region. I shall leave to better pens the Blue-grass region.

Nor shall I try to tell of its low-lying neighbor on the west. Up from the south extend the knobs from sunny Tennessee, to form the western border of that limestone plateau. Have you read Warwick of the Knobs? Well, never mind. Do you remember that Indian sentinel, standing on the cliff's edge, hand level with his brow, shading piercing eyes, gazing toward the sinking sun, far as eye can see over plains below, looking for an enemy at the last steps of day? Such is the "Pennyrile" district. Low lying, almost level, stretching away to the Father of Waters, this is the home of night-riders, the Reelfoot Lake country, we'll not go down into it.

Let's turn to the mountainous East. As we rode up the Clinch River away early that summer morning, the valley mists rose up the hills and bore thru the day-coach windows the resinous odor of pine trees. How fragrant to the nostrils. I can remember the first time I scented southern pines away early in the morning more than twenty years ago on the northern Tennessee border on my way to Chattanooga on the Cincinnati Southern that crosses on High Bridge,—and have wished a hundred times I could start life there again at that halcyon time and place. It has seemed such a goodly starting place—away early in the morning amidst fragrant pine odors, with all the strength and hope of youth, and all the world before you. How I envy the young man freshly launched from college upon the boundless world.

Well, we reached the jumping-off place. Near the center of the triangle that makes the west end of Virginia. The N. & W. goes no farther west, and the L. & N. comes no farther east. These two railroads end right square against each other near the center of that triangle.

You would rather walk than ride on these roads

Our camp was under two fine persimmons

Then we crossed on foot two mountain ranges to the north. No one would want to ride—not in that country, except horseback or mule-back. Most of the "citizens" rode muleback. It took our luggage over two days to get to camp, and only by the best of luck were the cross-hairs still intact in the surveying instruments. Sometime suppose you go over that road from Norton in Virginia to Whitesburg in Kentucky by way of Pound Gap, where Garfield went thru during the war. Good roads? There was only one bridge in the county, and schools kept only during low water. That's enough to say about the roads, isn't it?

Their public name for us was "capitalists." What do you think of that? Students working their way thru college and college professors! One must bear up with fortitude. In the privacy of their homes they called us "furriners." We learned this later, after we had acquired something of the vernacular.

We capitalists walked, or rather Professor Eno and the boys did, for I had gone ahead horseback to find a camp site, a day or two before. At the first mountain top a moonshine outpost. Its owner walked ten miles with the boys before he could quite be sure that they were not revenue officers disguised as surveyors. This trick has been worked before, and it makes a strenuous life for the surveyor sometimes. It isn't pleasant having a transit shot out from under you, as Reamer did, a few years before.

Have you read The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come? How can I describe the country that we came to. when this quaint land has been so well painted by John Fox, Jr.,—not of River and Harbor Congress fame. Land of simple living, quaint customs, and unfeigned hospitality. Here is a sample—late one day as I stopped my horse inquiring the way down the creek road, "Won't you stay all night, stranger?" Can you beat that for hospitality, when you come to think of that last word?

Yes. But you have to go to this same country to do it. A friend of mine, then traveling for the Jeffrey Co., had accepted an invitation, "Won't you stay for supper, stranger?" He was eating very sparingly of the new potatoes and "bacon," for as usual the potatoes were swimming in grease. The host grew concerned at his guest's light helping—"Hev more taters, stranger—Hev damn nigh all of 'em."

Quaint language. We saw the "grindenist" mill on the creek, the latter word pronounced correctly, not "crick" as in Ohio. We heard of the "boardmakenist" man, who could split boards the best, for split shingles were still the rule on those mountain homes, and I saw one cabin that owned to but three sawed boards, even the bed and table inside, were of split "tanbark" oak. Their passing salutation was "Howdy."

That quaint language made trouble for us surveyors. For how will you know that a "sprue pine" means a hemlock, in the deeds, and a "Sarvis" means a service berry? "Tanbark oak," meant chestnut oak and "sticker bush" a holly. Now and then you will hear them speak of a "master" tree of the forest. It was a "master tide," the highest water they had known. And when it comes to naming creeks can you beat "Hell for Sartin"? You'll find it on official maps of Kentucky spelled Hell for Certain.

Yes, we surveyors had a time untangling the land lines. One tract had 80 sides, another 46. How would you like to compute the area of those farms? But that wasn't the worst of it. Those "farms" were plastered over each other sometimes five deep upon the impoverished soil. It happened in this wise. Away back after the Revolution, Virginia paid her soldiers with Kentucky land. These large tracts often were not settled upon until some years later hardy pioneers planted small corn patches in the narrow valleys, thereby securing "corn patents" inside the larger and to them unknown prior claims. Then Kentucky herself becoming of age issued senior patents as her mother had done, and as usual almost regardless of previously located tracts. Junior patents followed, and to cap the climax along in 1872 and '73 the State issued mineral patents, usually in great rectangles. One of these latter for example covers the whole town of Whitesburg, but of course it holds nothing previously covered in one of the other forms of claims.

The result of this "intensive farming" is confusing in the extreme, and as a natural outcome, a "shotgun title" is considered very good. Always deal directly with the present occupant, but here again is difficulty, his deed is so badly written. Mister Surveyor, survey this farm, please:

> Beginning at the road at the school house lot, thence with the road to the ford of the run above the mill; thence back in the field about six rods to or near a small black walnut; thence

to or just above the white walnuts at the spring in the drain, thence just above and with the meanderings of the fence, now around the upper side of lot to a small sugar tree by the old fence going up the cliff; thence with the creek to the branch below the ford to P. Hammack's line and with his line to W. R. T. Smith's corner.

That was copied from official records, and some deeds that we saw, which had never been recorded were worse. One fellow had his deed written in lead pencil on a sheet of foolscap, folded up like a dollar bill in his trousers pocket. I should like to own that deed as a rare manuscript. One sentence read "thence down the ridge next to Harken holler to King's creek fernence the mouth of Rock creek." Harken meant Hurricane, and "fernence" I leave for you to guess as we expertly did. Some time I'm going to write a chapter on the surveys of this region. They are doubtless unparalleled elsewhere in Uncle Sam's domain.

Did I say I had gone ahead to select a camp site? I did. I had bought a saddle horse—and I sold him when we were thru. It was cheaper than hiring and more satisfactory. Down 12 miles from Whitesburg, a couple of miles below where Kingdom Come flows into the north fork of the Kentucky, nightfall overtook me. We reached the home of my host and pilot, and I had to spend the night there, too late to turn back. Well, the inside of that house! and an exterior so fair.

Aphaniptera, rodentia, lectularia, speaking scientifically. Don't read this paragraph. Fleas, rats, bedbugs. Please pardon these expletives. They made the night merry—for themselves. And on the baby, little wingless bugs. True mountain hospitality. Try a night of it, in a mountain cabin. Do you ever think grey thoughts? In such a place you'll run out of rosy, red, violet and blue ones by 3 a. m., and then your mood will match the grey of dawn. So pleasant to reflect *then* that you had to go to bed with the family seven hours before—only one room you see.

The tents came up next day. That's something for honest crickets and grand-daddy-long-legs (plural) to live in. Never so glad in all my life. Good old grand-daddy-long-legs. They always congregate right in the canvas tent corners, and go to sleep at nights like honest folks, but if by chance they walk across your face, they never seem offended if you use their long legs to throw them with a resounding thwack against the opposite canvas wall. You can always get hold of a grand-daddy-long-legs even in the night. How different those other night prowlers previously mentioned.

The days passed pleasantly—after the tents came up—and our cook came with them. Land Jenkins, colored cook. He was the only negro man in the county, so they said. Said there had been one the year before, but he had been disposed of. We had white bread daily, biscuits and baked white bread. On Sundays we had numerous visitors, chiefly to see the white bread, a great curiosity in that land of corn and sorghum.

Those summer days passed pleasantly, untangling those Chinese puzzles of land lines. Each day we drank our canteens dry, climbing up steep hillsides, always dry when we reached the ridge tops, where, of course, there was no water. I can see Rush, Hughes, Sammy Gage, Will Davies and Aleshire, stretched out for a rest at noon hour on the ridge top, lunches eaten but no water to drink. Poor Will Davies and Aleshire, why should they have been called Home so early in the day?

We had a magnetic storm while Aleshire ran the transit. Needle off one degree. We lost Pflueger one night up Rockhouse creek, when he tried to take a "short cut" back to camp. He tried to tell us that Clavarias and oyster mushrooms were good to eat. But shucks, didn't we know that mushrooms come in cans at the restaurants, and didn't grow on trees? We had a Fourth of July celebration, or rather Land did, while I was gone back home for a few days.

Many things happened. Miller got homesick, so the boys said. Thought he never was going to get out of that country alive, the hills were so high and the valleys were so deep. He came out with me on the day before the Fourth, when I came back to Columbus, just in time to keep Brown Hall from being located over northwest of the main building. He perked up mightily when we got out of sight of camp, so I guess the boys were right. A year later on the other side of the big pond in the Low Country I had the same experience—my first—and can testify to the genuineness of the malady. You aren't good for much while you're homesick.

I came back that time by the L. & N. thru the Blue-grass country, missed train connection and stopped off over night on the way at Richmond. The grand recorder of one of our own college fraternities took me under his protecting care and hospitality and proved the gallantry of the Blue-grass country, if proof had been wanting.

One Sunday morning around the breakfast table * * *

We were homeward bound up Kingdom Come

Yes, many things happened. One Sunday morning, sitting around the table at the close of breakfast, with that restful leisure so welcome on a Sunday morning in camp, wafted down the valley came a voice of lamentation. Jim Marker reached the cabin first, a squalid log cabin set close to where the steep hillside met the narrow valley. I shall never forget the picture of woe we saw. Out in the scraggy garden, a woman clad in rags, walking up and down among the worm-eaten cabbages, wailing aloud to heaven. Inside the cabin a picture of utter squalor. Only one room with an unbelievably dirty floor, four or five half-witted children and a father scarcely more so, standing stupidly by. On the unkempt bed a two-year-old child, dead. They had not had the means nor the wit to call a doctor, and no ministering skillful hand had been by at the close, for these were the poorest of the poor "white trash."

We closed the glassy, staring eyes, and Jim acted as undertaker. His training with his father at Versailles stood in good stead. He made a small coffin out of our rude camp boards—sawed lumber, you remember, was scarce in the valley—and lined it with the red cloth that we used to tie to chaining pins. I don't know where we buried the child—what difference will it make when you and I are gone, where they bury us? It seemed a blessing for a baby to escape from such a life, and when you saw its near of kin your faith suffered a shock. Why were such people brot into the world? At such a time and place one has to fall back on the larger faith of Lincoln—"God must love poor folks best, he made so many of them." And know ye—ye of little faith—that the lowly Nazarene loved poor folks and children best. Intermarriage is probably responsible for much in such regions. Nearly all persons in that whole region were inter-related, as I hear they are in some of the Swiss and Norwegian valleys.

Land celebrated the Fourth of July, Land and Fred Whittaker. Fred was a local axman, assisting us on week days, he assisted Land on the Fourth. It isn't necessary to go into the harrowing details, but it caused us some concern, we instructors. We always knock on wood, when we get back home from camp with nobody sick or hurt, and we wanted to get even Land out with a whole hide—the rest were all safe. To do it I rode horseback that 25 miles over the mountains in the night.

Have you ever spent a night in the saddle? It is an experience. Over the mountain trails and thru the woods in the dark? You have to leave it to the horse to keep the trail, and then try your best to keep your eyes from being knocked out by branches. Thank fortune there were no cliffs to fall over. The horse will keep the trail, but you have to turn him into it, and in the starry night I couldn't see the way and got lost. Followed one of those miserable roads in the bed of a dry creek, full of boulders, until Cassiopeia stared me in the face, and I knew I had gone too far. Reached the head of the Roaring Fork at 4 in the morning, the mountain rill where they found Cudahy dead, and came to Norton at about 10 a. m. We might have been too cautious, but you never can tell, because their quarrels seem to arise out of such trivial differences, and Land had had a difference with our nearest neighbor, arising out of the celebration. We didn't want to give him time to work himself up.

And yet this nearest neighbor, who had killed one man in a quarrel, seemed a quiet, peaceful citizen. When they drink moonshine whisky though they change. They seemed to drink to arouse the Indian in them, or perhaps the old Scotch-Irish Highland blood, for some of those mountain folks are of Highland descent, I hear. At least smouldering away down in them one imagines he can see the fires of ancient Scottish clans. That fusel oil moonshine tho, would make a rabbit want to fight. Land said it would. We smelled it later, but it looked too much like kerosene to drink.

But you can't afford to sneer at Kentucky, this land that I've described. Look at her sons. From the mountains of the east, clear down thru Tennessee, came staunch supporters of the Union in our great Civil War. And from the central Bluegrass, a host of gallant men. Courtly Henry Clay, John G. Carlisle, Mr. John M. Harlan—I cannot name them all. Have you ever seen a picture of Mr. Justice Harlan? Does not candor sit upon that stately brow? And from the lowland west, from despised "Pennyrile," came Jefferson Davis to uphold the lost cause. And 40 miles away from his birthplace, still in impoverished Pennyrile, from a poor log cabin, poorest of the poor, came that character that towers like a snow-capped mountain in our history. The infant was cradled in a squalid log cabin. The rugged statue of the man, Congress has determined, shall be sheltered in the stateliest memorial that the Western Hemisphere has seen.

No, you don't know Kentucky. Not unless you know Kentucky beaten biscuit. Not unless you know Gretna Green. Not unless you know Gethsemane and the silent monastary of the Trappists. Not unless you've read Redhead, Stringtown on the Pike, the Kentuckians and James Lane Allen's tales. Not unless you know about the Hatfields and McCoys. Not unless—but what's the use.

Do you know that a relative of "Devil Anse" is governor of West Virginia now? "Devil Anse Hatfield," who once walked the streets of fashionable Walnut Hills in Cincinnati with his Winchester on his shoulder. Nor did any Irish policeman arrest him for carrying concealed weapons exposed to view. And didn't one of the McCoys graduate in civil engineering from our own college here, only two years ago. Fine fellows, both of them, as fine as you will meet, these modern Hatfields and McCoys.

But Oh, bloody Breathitt! How many fair pages have you stained with blood, and how many brave men, brave as lions, have you laid low with assassin bullets! Kentucky, Kentucky? Whence came that name? I remember its origin now. In the days of Daniel Boone the Indians drenched the land with blood, and the white man used the Indian's name, Kentucky—Bloody Ground. The veil has lifted slowly from some parts of Kentucky.

Vale!

ONE TAP of the typewriter and the Editor's work is done. Another scribe steps forward with the new volume to take up the ink-pot, scissors and trusty machine and to carry the message of a greater Ohio State to a growing horde of alumni readers. It has been pleasant pastime—and an interesting experience—this business of putting the magazine to press every month. The Editor has taken as much pride in it as if it were a real child in pinafore and ribbons; he has given it more time, attention and care than he should, perhaps, and accomplish other duties as well. But if you have liked the MONTHLY—and so many say they have—the Editor will feel abundantly repaid. He yields his office chair to the new editor, J. S. Myers, and wishes him the joy of faithful readers.

The business session of the Association at 9 o'clock in the chapel will be important and should engage the earnest attention of every member.

Winter Discusses Mexico

"Some seven thousand families, out of a population of fifteen million, own the entire landed surface of Mexico," is the assertion made by Nevin O. Winter, '97, a Toledo lawyer, who has made an extensive study of the causes of the present disturbances in Mexico.

In an article on "The Present Situation in Mexico," printed recently in "The Journal of Race Development," Mr. Winter continues: "In my opinion, the troubles in Mexico are of long standing. Mexico has never had the advantage of foreign immigration and learning for the masses has been regarded as prejudicial by the representatives and misrepresentations of the home government."

Mr. Winter says, however, that he believes Mexico's darkest days are over and he predicts a great future for the country.

Chinese Team Defeated

By a 3 to 2 score the baseball team of Ohio State University defeated the Chinese University of Hawaii team on Ohio field on Saturday, May 16. The score stood 2 to 1 in favor of the Chinese team until the sixth inning when Ohio secured two runs.

What Surgery Has Done for Cancer

Francis Carter Wood, '91
Director of Cancer Research, Columbia University

Francis Carter Wood, '91, director of cancer research, Columbia University, in charge of the George Crocker Research Fund, amounting to a million and a half dollars, recently made known his views on the present status of the cancer problem at the Academy of Medicine, New York. His discussion of the subject was a part of a symposium arranged by the American Society for the Control of Cancer. It is published herewith. Dr. Wood retains his position as director of the Pathological department of St. Luke's Hospital, New York, where he is also Consulting Physician, and is Consulting Pathologist to the Lincoln Hospital, New York, and the Vassar Brothers Hospital, Poughkeepsie. He is a member of the board of managers of the Vanderbilt clinic and of the Sloane Hospital for Women. He is an international authority on cancer.

* * *

IF the days of the Arabian Nights could be recalled and we could seat ourselves on a magic carpet and be projected into space at a rate exceeding the velocity of light, all the facts of history would reverse themselves, and people would be born again. Finally, when enough of the film had run past, we might see a priest in a temple on the banks of the Nile laboriously inscribing on a sheet of papyrus directions for the cure of cancer by a paste composed largely of arsenic—a formula still used by those who treat cancer of the skin.

About this same period of some thirty-five centuries ago the Hindus were also treating cancer by excision and arsenic paste; while over a thousand years later the writings of Hippocrates and Galen, although they reach us in imperfect and mutilated form, also testify to the fact that these writers were familiar with what we now call cancer, and tried to cure it.

Throughout the long period of the Dark Ages scattered papers show that while observations were being made of cancer they knew but little more than the Greeks. Only with the improvement in the microscope was any real and important advance made over the Greek and Roman days. It is not difficult to sum up what has been learned by such observations:

First—We have found that there are many varieties of cancer.

Second—That among these varieties are not only tumors which are always and rapidly fatal, but also cancers of slow growth—so slow as to be almost harmless.

Third—That the nature of tumors can only be positively determined by the microscope.

Francis Carter Wood

Fourth—That even this useful instrument does not always enable us to say just how bad a tumor may turn out to be.

Fifth—That one kind of cancer goes throughout the body in the blood vessels, and another kind spreads through the tissues in small channels known as lymph vessels; also by dissections made after death we have learned just where the cancer is likely to go.

Lastly—We have found that the only way to cure one of the bad varieties of cancer is to cut it out at the earliest possible moment. We have learned nothing, therefore, about the real cause of cancer or its actual nature.

WE ARE WHERE GREEKS WERE

The Greeks had no microscopes and did not believe in dissecting dead bodies; but they knew as much as we do of the cause and real nature of cancer. We have indeed found in recent years by careful study of patients that the growth of a cancer often follows ulcers in the stomach or on the skin following burns due either to heat or X rays; but this does not mean that every such burn is followed by a cancer; and we find that the cancers do not grow until the patient has reached a certain age, no matter how much we burn or destroy the skin or how severely internal organs may be damaged.

The majority of tumors have no history of previous injury to the tissues; but even the injury does not explain why a cancer arises; they only show us that there is some connection between the two—but of the nature of this connection we are still utterly in the dark.

Even the question whether cancer is hereditary or not is still unsettled. Mr. Hoffman will tell you that cancer is enormously on the increase. Physicians point out the frequent occurrence of cancer in certain families; and yet Dr. Blashford and the English health officers, such as Newsholme and King, say that the English statistics, which are much better than our own, show no increase in cancer, except that which would result naturally from the improvement in the past twenty or thirty years in the diagnosis; that there is no increase in cancer of the skin, which is easily diagnosed, and there is no evidence of hereditary influences in the production of cancer. To settle these questions will require another generation with vastly improved statistical records; and with the great defects in our State registration of births and deaths we are not likely to be able to answer this question in this country for the next fifty years in any satisfactory way.

JENSEN'S ACHIEVEMENT

If thirty-five centuries have done no more than this, where are we to turn for new light upon the cancer question? Only at the beginning of the twentieth century was the means pointed out. In 1903 Jensen, a Danish scientist of genius, published a series of experiments which he had been carrying on for some years in the transplantation of tumors in animals. This had been done before by others, but no complete series had ever been recorded. This most important work at once placed in our hands the ability to produce a large number of tumors in animals and to study them with the utmost facility.

The great possibilities which opened upon the discovery of this method are evident. The small animals used (white mice and rats) are cheap and easily housed, so that a large number can be kept under observation for a long time. They are short-lived and early reach the cancer age—in a mouse, for instance, this is eighteen months. They can be perfectly controlled as regards operations or autopsies, and the tumors can be studied under a great variety of conditions. The discovery of the cause and nature of cancer will, in my opinion, be only obtained by the experimental method, using the animal tumors; for the limit has been approached in a simple observation of human beings suffering from cancer. Only in case a certain cure is discovered for cancer in animals will it be justifiable to apply this cure to large numbers of human beings. How effective this method of study is bound to be in the near future may be shown from the fact that in ten years we have learned more about the nature of cancer by studying animals than in all the previous centuries.

It would take much more time than I have tonight even to mention the discoveries in this short period. Unfortunately but few of them are of practical application to human beings; but we must build a firm foundation first if we are ever to reach a high point in our final structure, for a great mass of scientific information must be collected before we can make a direct attack on cancer and attempt to cure it by drugs, for, after all, that is the line on which all are working.

MICE AND MEN

Some few points, however, may interest you. It is possible to inbreed a strain of mice, using animals which have cancer, and finally produce a breed which is extremely susceptible to tumors of all varieties. This answers at once the question whether cancer is hereditary. It is, if the cancerous ancestry is sufficiently concentrated. On the other hand, certain strains of mice do not show this liability to cancer.

If the same rules are applied to human beings, it would take some 300 years to get a race with the same numbers of cancerous mothers and fathers as can be obtained in four or five years with mice. Every mother among these ten generations will have to be cancerous, and the fathers come from cancerous stock. It is evidently impossible under ordinary conditions of human life, and therefore we may safely assume that heredity plays a very small part, if any at all, in the production of cancer.

The average person is apt to assume that the occurrence of three or four cases of cancer in a family is a distinct evidence of hereditary influence, forgetting that the laws of probability apply to man as well as to games of chance, and that if 72 people per 100,000 of the population of the United States develop cancer, mathematical computation will show that a certain number of families would be likely to have three or four cases, whereas many others would be entirely free. We hear only of those who have cancer. We forget the 99,928 people who do not have cancer.

So, too, if several cases of cancer appear in the same house, we should not think of contagion, but rather ask if the people in that house were not old and therefore of the cancer age. We should also inquire how many thousand houses there may be in the same town in which there are no cases of cancer.

The same line of reasoning will apply to some of the so-called cancer belts in country districts. On investigating, the average age will be found to be high, the young people having gone to the larger towns. Therefore it would be natural to expect that a larger proportion of cancer would be found in certain rural districts than in the cities crowded with the younger population, as cancer is a disease of old age.

Another important thing which we have learned from animals is that it is impossible to transfer tumors from one species of animals to another. This nullifies all published reports of transplantation of tumors from animals to human beings, disposes of the question of the contagiousness of animal tumors among animals of different species or to human beings, and shows the untruth of the fantastic statements published in the daily press that cancer in plants may give rise to cancer in man.

STILL ANOTHER ARGUMENT

Again, if an animal develops its own tumor, and that tumor is cut out and inoculated in a large number of other animals, we get only a very small percentage (not over 3 or 4) of "takes" in this new series of animals. This is an additional reason for appreciating how impossible it is for cancer to be contagious, because the inoculations are made with the most careful methods, and if only a few per cent are successful, how much more difficult would it be for one human being to get the cancer of another person by the mere contact or from the dressing of a wound, or discharge from an ulcerating cancer.

Our animal experiments have also shown us that, while it is possible to prevent a tumor taking in an animal, it is impossible by any means now known to prevent the tumor growing after it once takes hold. A cancer is not the malignant creature that it is usually supposed to be, but rather a guest who comes to the table as a member of the family and consumes all the food. If its unpleasant nature was suspected, the tissues of the animal would sound the alarm and call out the phagocytes and other defensive agencies and destroy the cancer cells. This is what happens when such cancer cells have been injected into an animal immunized against cancer, or into an animal of another species. The cells are immediately destroyed and never produce any tumor.

The trouble with cancer is that it starts from the cells of our own bodies, and grows so quietly that no information is given to the defensive agencies until it is too late. This interference with the nourishment of the body, coupled with the disturbances of digestion, which many cancers, especially of the stomach, cause, is the reason for what is known as cachexis of cancer, which is loss of bodily strength and weight accompanied by anaemia, so marked in advanced cases of cancer.

Our animal experiments have, therefore, shown that after a cancer has started there is absolutely no cure except to cut it out. We rather suspected this from the results of operations on persons who have presented themselves too late for a complete operation and who have been treated by various means, which theoretically offered some hope. Among them are serum from persons who have had cancer, serum from animals who have been treated with human cancer, by vaccination with ground-up cancer tissues, by fine colloidal suspensions of metals, such as copper and silver, and so on, and the end result has invariably been, in spite of the fact that the patient improved for the time, no permanent cure has ever resulted.

These and similar lines of work are being carried on at the George Crocker Fund and other laboratories in this country and in Europe; but inasmuch as the generous founder of the Crocker Fund desired not only that the causes, but also that the cure of cancer be studied, we are doing many things in the attempt to find a cure for cancer in animals, with what success only the future can tell.

I need not defend at length before an audience of intelligent laymen and physicians the statement that the only known cure for cancer is a wide removal at the earliest possible moment; but while this statement is a very satisfactory one from the academic point of view, we all know that it is extremely difficult to get our patients to come to us at the time when a complete removal with reasonable expectation of permanent cure is possible.

The extraordinary improvement of operative surgery in the last twenty years, combined with our increased knowledge of diagnosis by the microscope, the X ray, and chemical means, has contributed to the great improvement in the results of operations on cancer. Certain forms of cancer of which years ago only 10 per cent were permanently cured, are now showing 50 per cent of cures; some in which 50 per cent were possible are now showing 90 per cent. But still there are cases in which a satisfactory operation cannot be done. What can we do for these people? Here X rays and radium are of great importance; they may even render such cases fit for operation; but we must remember that the man who has done the most in studying the effects of radium on cancer has written that every cancer which can be operated upon must be so treated; and that no operable cancer should be treated by radium.

WHAT DOES FUTURE PROMISE?

Operate first, then, if possible; if not possible, treat with X rays of radium and then operate, if the tumor improves. Radium does not permanently cure internal cancer. It may check the growth for a while, but sooner or later it comes back. Popular belief in radium is based on the fact that only the occasional cures are heard from —not the failures, and I can assure you that the failures outnumber the cures 100 to 1.

What hope is there in the future for the treatment of cancer? We as physicians cannot sit idly by and wait for the final great discovery of the laboratory workers. When that will come, no man can tell. It may be twenty, it may be fifty years from now; it may be even longer. Laboratory research is slow and is enormously expensive. The cost of discovering a single one of the facts which I have mentioned as having been derived from animal experimentation is not less than $5,000 for animals, apparatus, and salaries.

We amiably spend $10,000,000 for a battleship, which is out of date by the time it is complete, and yet criticise the scanty results which the expenditure of $5,000 produces toward discovering the cause of cancer. The public ask for a cure for cancer, and yet annually permit a body of misguided sentimentalists to introduce at Albany bills which aim to prevent all research work in animals.

In this connection the medical profession can do much in explaining how slow and difficult this laboratory work is, how complex the problem presented. We must find out how to kill with chemicals a certain portion of the body and not kill the rest of it, because cancer is a real part of the human body just run wild; that is all. The physicians must quiet the public clamor for immediate results. Premature publication of laboratory theories only causes distrust of the final results.

SURGERY THE GREAT REMEDY

As physicians we must remember that surgery is at present the great remedy. Surgery is impotent if the diagnosis is not made early. This is particularly important because of the well-known characteristics of cancer to metastasize or form secondary growths in other portions of the body out of reach of surgical intervention. Physicians need education as well as the lay public. They must be taught to examine thoroughly all small nodules, and, if necessary, cut out a piece and have it properly examined. If this were done, a great many cancers would be discovered at a stage when metastases had not formed and a cure could be guaranteed.

The layman must be trained to go to his physician and be examined more frequently. If small lumps or ulcers do not heal promptly, they should be submitted to medical examination. Vague symptoms of intestinal or other disturbances may point to the presence of a cancer internally, and advantage should be taken of the best diagnostic methods. Only by such means can the present efficiency of surgical treatment of tumors be heightened, until the time comes when the laboratory and experimental worker discovers the nature and cause of cancer in animals. On that day, the relief of the human race is in sight.

Gunning for Alligators

This is a picture of a conquering hero, Ernest Bradford, '92, who as a sure-fire, hit-the-vital-spot alligator hunter has few superiors in the canal zone. The photograph shows the outcome of a hunt for the long-nosed, armor-clad pets of morass and swamp—and the pride of the hunter may be discovered in the attitude of the gentleman with his foot poised on the dead quarry. That's Bradford.

Bradford is chief chemist of the commissary department in the Panama canal territory and analyzes food stuff before it is ready for consumption. He has examined 5,000 separate articles of diet within a year, and besides directs the cooking tests with the assistance of domestic science experts. Just now he is superintending the planting of the government orchards. For recreation he shoots alligators between the eyes or back of the front legs. The wounded beastie dives into the water and when he comes up a mob of his fellow critters are generally on top of him devouring him limb, scale and spout. A good way to get rid of a mongrel pup is to tie him by a stake near an alligator rendezvous. Walk ten paces, turn at sound of a feeble bark, and doggie is gone to make an alligator's breakfast. Bradford, '92, is a brother of Joseph N. Bradford, '83, of the department of architecture, Ohio State University.

The alumni open house in the evening at Ohio Union is a new feature and should become a fixture of Alumni Day. There will be amusement for everybody.

Big things are promised at the Alumni luncheon and the Patriarchs' supper.

And don't forget President Thompson's reception in the Library at 3:30 o'clock.

The Portsmouth Prize Company

GEORGE W. RIGHTMIRE, '95

Ohio State University,
College of Law.

My Dear Editor:

You have requested some notes on my recollection about the select company of cadets formed out of the O. S. U. military battalion in the Spring of 1890, and I submit a few of my recollections herewith.

At that time the battalion was made up of four companies, and along in the latter part of the winter of 1889-1890 a competitive drill in the manual of arms was held in each company covering several drill periods. Drill at that season of the year took place in various unfinished portions of the basement of the old main building, now called University Hall. There was the keenest sort of rivalry among the men in the different companies, and the commands upon which the competition was based were in many cases unexpected and impossible of execution for the reason that they violated the sequence, and the test of the response of hand to brain which military drill is expected to cultivate was very rigid, and the supervision of the competitive drill was of the closest kind. The select company thus made up out of the four old companies comprised the men who had stood up best in the drills, and after its composition drill as a new company was carried on for the remainder of the year, and on account of its supposed excellence, took no part in the prize drill, but instead of competing therein came out and gave an exhibition drill, which may or may not have been any better than that put on by the other three regular companies.

The Captain of this select company was Edward Sigerfoos, a man of very great coolness and self-possession, who has since risen to the rank of Major (or Colonel) in the regular army of the United States, located at Fort Ethan Allen, near Plattsburg, in the State of New York, I think. The Lieutenants were Oster and Kennedy. The company included thirty-one men all told, and was a very compact drilling machine by the end of the year.

A competitive drill of various military organizations was arranged by the City of Portsmouth, Ohio, as part of its 4th of July celebration in 1890, and our company entered that competition along with Company A of the old 13th Regiment, O. N. G., located at Springfield, Ohio, and the Avondale Zouaves of Avondale, a suburb of Cincinnati. School closed about two weeks before the 4th of July, and many of the boys constituting the company lived at the old North Dorm during that time. Many of them were financially embarrassed at the close of the school year and took the opportunity while waiting to give the dormitory its Spring cleaning while the amateur soldiers were not engaged in drill. They pulled up carpets, carried them out on the lawn, beat them, and took them in and tacked them into place again, moved furniture in and out, scrubbed floors, washed windows, and did all the other things which find proper place in a function of that kind. We drilled three or four hours each day in a morning and afternoon session, and we thought we attained as nearly to perfection in the manual of arms and the usual company movement as was possible, and towards the close of that time the drill went on largely in an automatic way.

The company picture was taken on the morning of the 3d of July, and on the afternoon of that day the trip was made to Portsmouth, Ohio, and we were quartered at the old Biggs House, facing the river. The University Glee Club was to give a concert in Portsmouth on the evening of that day and they made the trip along with us, and we were quartered together. There were, of course, some escapades at the hotel, the most serious of which was the firing of some blank cartridges by William H. Coney (so tradition says), a student of the University who had gone down with the company to see the drill. He discharged several of these blank cartridges in the halls of the hotel and caused a good deal of criticism of University students by that act. Coney did it out of the spirit of fun entirely, and none of the students were very regretful of the event.

The competing companies took part in the morning parade at Portsmouth, and the drill occurred in the afternoon on the race track of the old Scioto County Fair Grounds. I remember that the track was too narrow for some of the company evolutions, for in those days, instead of the company *turn*, we had the company *wheel*, in which movement the pivot man merely marked time in a quarter circle, and each successive man toward the outer end of the company took a slightly longer step to pass through the same quarter of a circle, so that great precision was required and a good deal of room, and we had to stop in the middle of the movement and start again in order to complete the wheel on a narrow track.

The maximum time for the competitive drill was 45 minutes. The Springfield company finished in about 30 minutes, the Zouaves in about the same time, and we required 42 minutes. Captain Sigerfoos gave all the commands in a very deliberate and precise fashion, and all we attempted to do was to get through in the time limited. The judges marked the other companies about 91 and 92 per cent respectively, and our own average was something over 98 per cent, and consequently we got the $500 prize and thereby I presume became *professional* soldiers. When distributed this amounted to a little over $16 per man, and it was quite a boon at that stage. About $1.50 was contributed by each man to the purchase of a pennant and company pictures. The company broke up after the drill at Portsmouth, the men who did not return to Columbus sending back their arms by those who did return. I remember that for that drill I had borrowed Paul Lincoln's cap, my own having been stolen by some friendly student during the last week of the school year. The University boys from the neighboring towns came in to see the drill, and among them I remember Jack Niewvahner of Jackson, Ohio, who joined the crowd and was quite a feature in the celebration of our winning first place.

I have a picture of the company, which includes the insert of Lieutenant Kilbourne, who was at that time the Commandant of the battalion at the Universiy, and if it will be of any help in your article I shall be very glad if you will use it in any way which will not destroy the picture, and I can furnish the names of all the men, with possibly two exceptions, and something concerning the present of almost all the men.

Side by Side in the Little Dorm

OHIO STATE ALUMNI DAY, Tuesday, June 16

Alumni Notes

Wallace C. Sabine, '86, now dean of the Graduate School of Applied Science at Harvard University, has been called into consultation in connection with the accepted plans for the $2,000,000 auditorium to be erected at the national capital as a memorial to George Washington. Of this the *New York Times* of May 10 says: "It was the fear that another great meeting place would be constructed in which there would be 'deaf spots,' or in which the speaker's voice would not be heard by a large part of the audience, that led the architects to call in the services of Prof. Wallace C. Sabine of Harvard, regarded as an authority on the subject of acoustics. As a result, the elliptical plan for the auditorium was adopted, and the winning architects were the only ones among the competitors who adopted the ellipse method. The theory, as the architect explained it, is that there is a 'line of equal sound' extending from the speaker's platform around the room, and that this line is an ellipse. A man sitting in the last row and directly facing the speaker hears just as well, he says, as one who sits nearer, but off to one side. The ellipse, by permitting more people to sit facing the speaker within a given area, is therefore regarded as the most economical arrangement for a large auditorium. The auditorium will have a flat-domed roof, which will be constructed of porous tile especially adapted to absorb sound."

Of Edward M. Barrows, Ex. '05, the *New York Times* of March 15 notes: "With the title 'A City of the Homeless,' the Social Centre Committee of the People's Institute has issued a pamphlet by John Collier and Edward M. Barrows dealing with the causes of crime in New York and the best ways of handling it. The writers recommend that public education be adapted to the needs of immigrants; that public recreation should be more in accord with the requirements of the masses; that more efficient playgrounds should be provided, and under a better supervision, and that social centres be established."

The quinquennial reunions will be another new feature. This means the classes of '79, '84, '89, '94, '99, '04, and '09.

"Workmen's Compensation" was the subject of a talk by J. W. Howard, '95, of Edwards, George & Co., Pittsburgh, before the Wednesday assembly in the School of Economics, University of Pittsburgh, recently.

Mr. Howard pointed out the recency of the movement and outlined its different phases. Because of the urgent need of suitable workmen's compensation laws, this subject is a very live one in economic thought today and a discussion of it proved to be instructive.

The program for the Spring meeting of the American Iron and Steel Institute, held at New York May 22-23, included a discussion on "Modern American Blast Furnace Practice," by Arthur J. Boynton, '97, who is superintendent of blast furnaces for the National Tube Co. at Lorain, O., and a member of the blast furnace committee of the United States Steel Corporation.

A recent issue of the *Daily Iron Trade* notes that Carl H. Booth, '03, has sold his interest in the Shuman-Booth Co., a Chicago advertising firm, and has been elected president of the Metallurgic Engineering Co., Chicago, patentee and builder of electrical melting furnaces. For several years Booth represented the Penton trade publications in the Chicago district.

H. F. Smith, E. '02, secretary and manager of the Smith Gas Power Co., Lexington, Ohio, described, in the November *Journal of the American Society of Mechanical Engineers*, a new process of cleaning producer gas, in which tar is precipitated by passing the gas through glass wool. The process is now in commercial use.

Stanton S. Freeman, E. '98, general manager of the Carbon Iron & Steel Co., Parryville, Pa., was recently elected president of the Eastern Pig Iron Association, which comprises practically all important producers in Eastern Pennsylvania and adjacent territory.

Frank De Lay, '05, probate judge of Jackson County, was married April 29 to Miss Edith Shuter of Jackson, Ohio.

P. J. Harrigan, until recently superintendent of mines of the Pittsburgh & Eastern Coal Co., Cherry Valley, Pa., now holds the same position with the Wheeling & Lake Erie Coal Co., Dillondale, Ohio, another Hanna interest.

Charles L. Wood, E. '96, general sales agent for the Carnegie Steel Co., Pittsburgh, is president of the Thornburg Country Club and an enthusiastic golfer.

Charles F. Roy, '98, is located at Macdonaldton, Somerset County, Pa., where he is general superintendent of the Brothers Valley Coal Co., which is opening up a large coal area.

George W. Bellows, '05, won third prize, a bronze medal with a $500 award, for his painting entitled "Cliff Dwellers," at the annual Carnegie Institute exhibition in Pittsburgh.

J. Dorsey Iams, A. '05, is one of the mainstays of the Pittsburgh Athletic Association tennis team.

Walter A. Johnson, E. '02, who has been representing the Independent Pneumatic Tool Co. in the South, has returned to Pittsburgh and is connected with the Ingersoll-Rand Co. as branch manager of the pneumatic tool department. He lives in Crafton, Pa.

E. J. Deckman, ex-E. '04, has recently added the Eynon-Evans Mfg. Co., Philadelphia, to his agency connections. His office is 1417 Oliver Building, Pittsburgh, Pa.

J. W. Howard, '95, casualty manager for the insurance firm of Edwards, George & Co., has been elected secretary of the Pittsburgh Casualty & Surety Association.

A note from Mrs. Theodore D. Crocker (Hilda Weber, '01-'02) of Minneapolis, reads as follows: "Our boy, John Doane, was born May 5 and died May 7."

James S. Cook, '10, and Mrs. Cook, of Akron, O., announce the birth of a daughter, Virginia, April 20.

In Military Array

Clad in full-dress military uniforms, including white duck trousers and brightly polished shoes, nearly 1500 cadets of Ohio State University paraded before Captain James Robinson of the general staff of the United States army one afternoon in May for their annual inspection. Each man was inspected individually by the captain after which demonstrations were given in regiment and company manoeuvers.

Being one of the universities founded by land grants given by the United States government, Ohio State is required to give instruction in military work. Each spring the department of war sends a United States officer to inspect the University regiment. Captain Robinson also inspected the Ohio State cadets last spring and reports the condition of the regiment this year better than ever before. He congratulated Captain G. L. Converse, University commandant, very highly upon the showing of his embryo soldiers.

Schools Unite Alumni

With the union of Starling-Ohio Medical College with Ohio State University, all alumni of the medical college become alumni of the State University, according to the statement of Joseph S. Myers, secretary of the Ohio State Alumni Association, made at an association luncheon held at the Chittenden Hotel in Columbus recently. An effort will be made to have all of the medical alumni presented with diplomas of the Ohio State University.

Sphinx Has Link Day

Link day exercises at which time fifteen members of the senior class of Ohio State University were chosen as members of Sphinx, the honorary senior fraternity, were held on a fair Wednesday in May. Men are chosen for this society who have been prominent on the football or other athletic teams, on the college publications or who have rendered their school services in other lines.

The Co-Ed of Today

A Toast by Carline Hermann

ONE of the best expressed responses among those called for by the toastmaster at the Ohio State University alumni banquet at Chillicothe, was that of Miss Carline Hermann, a real co-ed who knows the campus of today, because she is a student. In answering to the toast, "The Co-Ed of Today," Miss Hermann said:

"You have seen hundreds of her on the campus. You like her, She dresses neatly and in good taste. There is nothing gaudy about her, no mass of feminine daintiness expressly designed to draw masculine attention. You like her frank, intelligent attitude toward life. She can talk on anything from tango to tariff, she is interested alike in sport, coats and sociology, she cooks bunnies and cuts botany, she does society and social service. In short, she is the co-ed of today. Sometimes you wonder how it has all come about, and where it is tending. You remember the old system of female culture which grudgingly doled out a little English, a smattering of French and a history innocent of politics. But through the girls' persistent fight for real education, philosophy, science and even law and medicine were gradually opened to her.

"Having fewer external interests she eclipsed the boy in studies—but she made mistakes—great abiding mistakes. Cynics tell us she was not fair to look upon. With her pasty complexion telling of midnight oil and her seven-gored skirt hanging at as many lengths, she studied endlessly and so did not profit by the knocks given and received in social intercourse, Her's was a colorless life leading to nothing but physical collapse, crabbidness, inefficiency—accompanied by a college degree. But the old ideal of education has given way. Nowadays, the girl's youth and freshness are conserved by athletics, a broadening social life, by participation in movements for public betterment.

"The modern curriculum offers practical courses conducing to domestic efficiency. And so the co-ed brings to womanhood and graduation normal health, an active mind, and an awakened soul. Her's is a positive working goodness.

"No, she is not a flawless product. We hear, with some justice, that she is slangy and regards conventions too lightly. But it is not possible that the college girl hemmed in so many years by cramping, artificial, arbitrary rules of behavior, finds when these barriers are removed, that she is a little slow of adjustment. Her new and untried freedom causes a reaction from convention and seemliness to the novel and unladylike.

"But have faith in the co-ed. Though she sometimes brings you up with a start, she is nevertheless on the right road to worthy womanhood. The product of the old finishing school was, you know, a hopeless bore. Her sole conversational art lay in blushing self-consciously when any one commented on her hair, eyes and complexion. Education to her did not mean a comprehension of the problems which the world was facing, but it meant, how to steer clear of things which ladies could not understand, and which men only pretended to. Her extravagance, selfishness and utter indifference to the world about her, caused much unhappiness and often financial disaster. So if the co-ed is a trifle vigorous, if her slang is too ready, she is at least intelligent, and has keen awakened sympahties. Will you not believe that when the college girl habituates herself to the free and easy environment of the co-ed, when the reaction from the old restraint to new liberty has subsided, that there will be added to the beautiful qualities she already possesses, a new charm, born of self forgetfulness, nurtured by thoughtfulness of others?

"We leave the cultivation of such a womanhood to the co-ed, believing that she will accomplish it. For a solution of the moral and political problems with which we are confronted, posterity is going to

rely largely upon the co-ed. She is more capable than her sister in the sheltered woman's college, because during her course she has better opportunities to meet the conditions of life first hand. Broadly speaking, she comes from the great middle class of Americans, and so, she can study the relation of capital and labor with an unbiased mind. She brings a neutral viewpoint to the text book on economics; not being the poodle dog type of suffragette, she grasps the real significance of the ballot.

Great are the opportunities given her, great are the things confidently expected in return. So let us toast her—the pride of her university, the flower of society and home, the boast of the present, the hope of the future—The Co-Ed of Today."

Refrigeration and the Flag on the Tower

I received the last *Monthly* and have enjoyed reading the news of Ohio State, and want to toss you a bouquet on the appearance and contents. I noticed that you have a page reserved for suggestions. I intended to use this page but found it would take out about half of the article on "Social Life in the University" which occupies the preceding page, thus depriving me of this reading matter.

There is one engineering course that seems to be neglected in almost all technical schools in the country. That is Refrigerating Engineering. This line of work should have a good course at Ohio State and the trustees ought to look into this matter. Refrigeration has become one of the most important industries in this country and is capable of being greatly developed, not alone along the lines of ice-making and cold-storage but in other industries where it is necessary to keep temperatures constant. The time is fast approaching and has already arrived when the use of ice for household refrigeration is obsolete and in place the cold generating machines such as the Audiffren-Singrum are installed in kitchens, restaurants and butcher-shops.

We of Dayton are pleased to have the new trustee Judge B. F. McCann on the Ohio State University board. From our personal acquaintance we know he will work for the best interests of the University.

On looking over the *Ohio State Monthly*, I find the photograph of the visitors, consisting of legislators, trustees, etc., on the roof of the Library, with the tower of the Main Building across the way. This recalls the time five of us '94's flagged the tower of the Main Building, cutting our way out onto the roof through the east ventilator. The time was near mid-night; dark, rainy and spooky. It is a wonder we did not fall off the roof in the dark. The tower was entered through the door leading out onto the roof. I might tell how the night watchman cut his way through our obstructions we had nailed on the entrance door from the hall below and took our flag off at 5 o'clock in the morning. Yes, those were the good old days of the old north dorm, the mother of University activities and the breeder of all kinds of college deviltry. The dormitory idea should be revived and a newer and better set of such buildings erected. Hoping the *Monthly* will continue to improve, I am as ever

Yours truly,

W. M. ZURFLUH, '94.

Document Record Broken

All document records were broken by Ohio State University library in April. During this month 3255 official publications were received and recorded. These publications constitute some of the best reference sources in the library and are used many times a day by the students. The documents received during April came from the following sources: United States government, 1821; states and municipalities, 561; foreign countries, 326; miscellaneous organizations and associations, 547.

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